

An Ode to Vincent Valentine

by Shiva's Night

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Summary: A silly little poem I wrote a while ago about my favorite man in black, FF7's Vincent Valentine

An Ode to Vincent Valentine

Disclaimer: all the proper nouns in this poem belong to SquareSoft, the proud creators of the Final Fantasy series. They rock!

>

>An Ode to Vincent Valentine
 By Shiva's Night

>
He sleeps in a coffin

>And has long, black hair
Don't ask him any questions

>'Cause he just doesn't care
A flowing, red cape

>And an arm made of steel
You'll never see him crying

>Because he can't feel
A former head Turk

>Vincent stands proud
But when compared to Reno

>He's just not as loud
His love, Lucrecia,

>Calls Sephiroth her son
Because she met Hojo

>And had too much fun
When Vincent meets monsters

>He shoots them all dead
His solution for any problem:

>A bullet in the head
Vincent takes his vodka

>Straight-up with a twist
He turns into a demon

>When he gets pissed
February the 14th

>We named after him
A day full of love

>Though Vince's love life is dim
Now grumpy and tired

>Vincent goes to his bed
But we all know that tomorrow

>He'll rise from the dead

> <p><p>

End
file.